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ULTIMATE
SPIDER-MAN
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MESSINA | WILSON
MAR. 2025 | RATED T
SHERIFF

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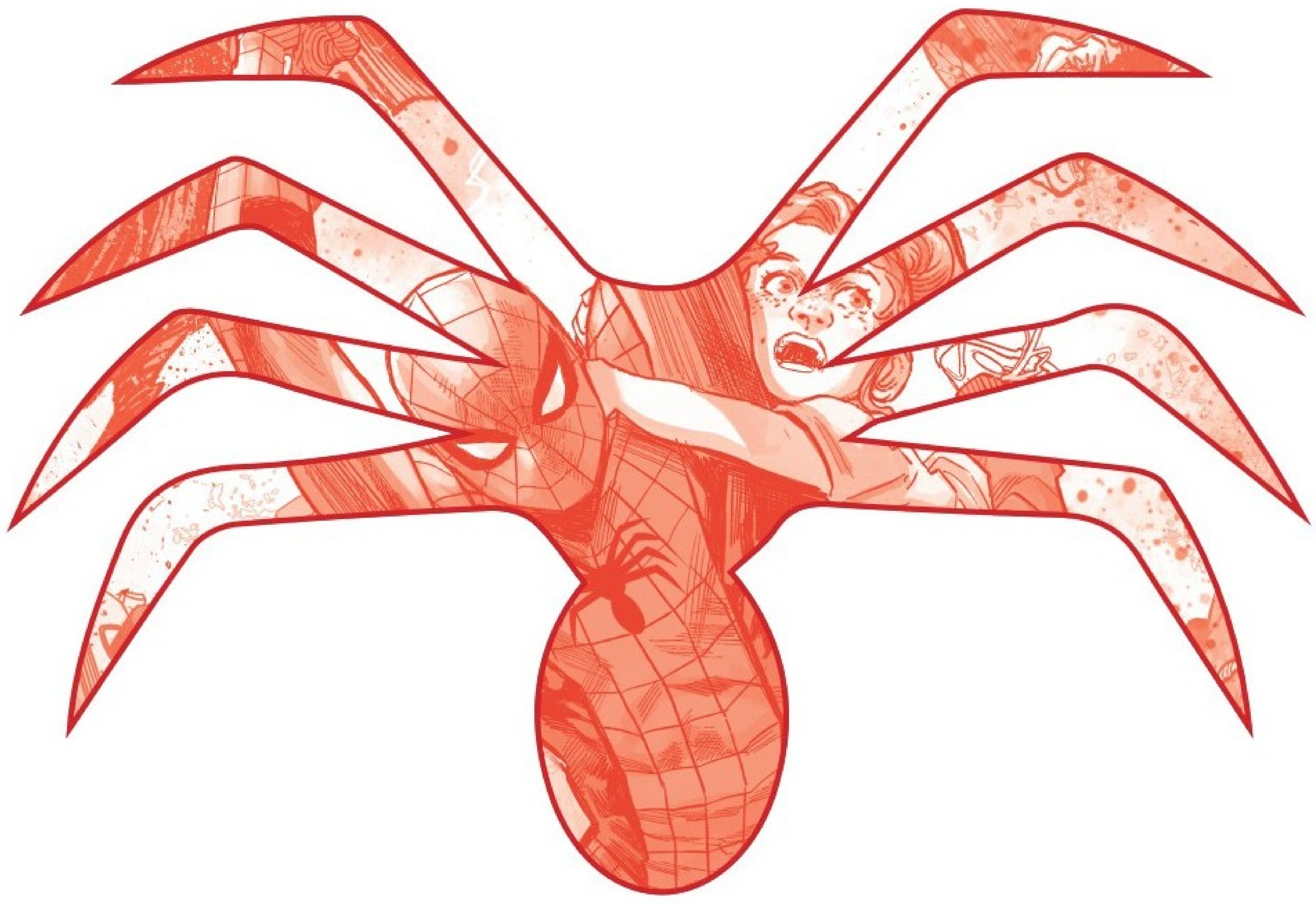

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Twenty years ago, **THE MAKER** prevented a radioactive spider from biting a young **PETER PARKER**. He likewise prevented the creation of any other super heroes and formed a secret council to rule the world from the shadows.

Fourteen months ago, **TONY STARK** sent Peter that same radioactive spider along with a picotech suit. Since then, Peter has used the incredible powers granted by the spider's bite to fight crime alongside **GREEN GOBLIN**, a.k.a. **HARRY OSBORN**, co-C.E.O. of **OSCORP**.

KRAVEN THE HUNTER kidnapped Peter and Harry on orders from **WILSON FISK**, the **KINGPIN**. While Peter was missing, his son, **RICHARD**, donned the picotech A.I. suit to become his own **SPIDER-MAN**. Peter finally escaped Kraven's dangerous game, but unfortunately, Harry didn't make it out alive. And now Peter's secret identity and family are compromised...

ULTIMATE SPIDER-MAN

CAST:

PETER PARKER
SPIDER-MAN

MJ WATSON-PARKER
PR GURU

RICHARD PARKER
PETER AND MJ'S SON

MAY PARKER
PETER AND MJ'S DAUGHTER

HARRY OSBORN
GREEN GOBLIN

GWEN STACY
HARRY'S WIFE, OSCORP C.E.O.

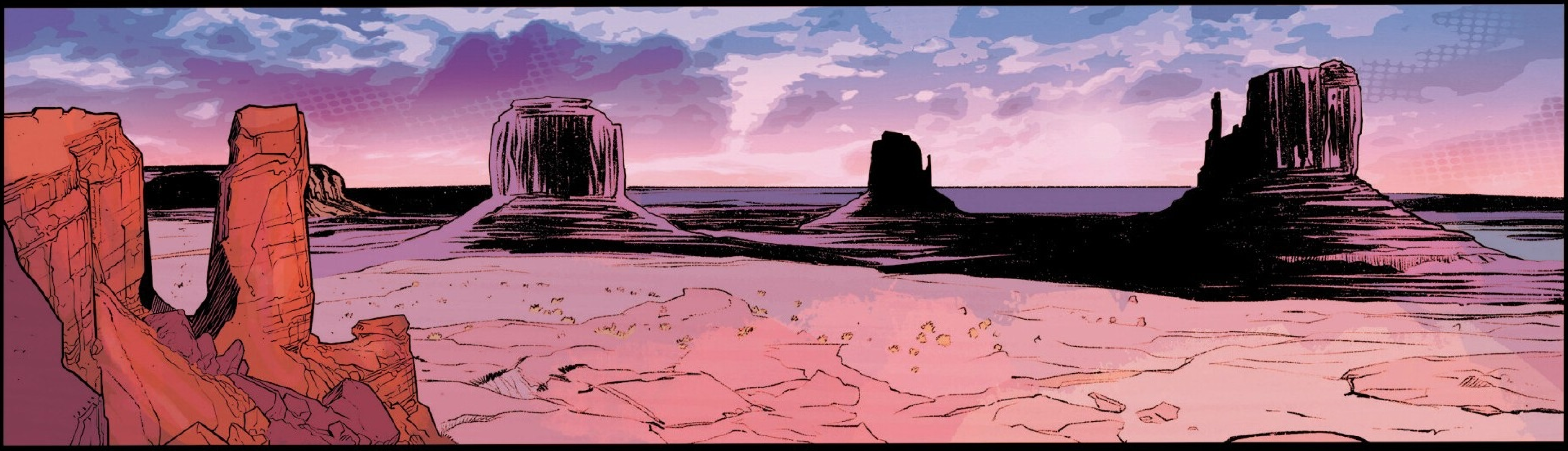
BEN PARKER
PETER'S UNCLE

J. JONAH JAMESON
BEN'S BUSINESS PARTNER

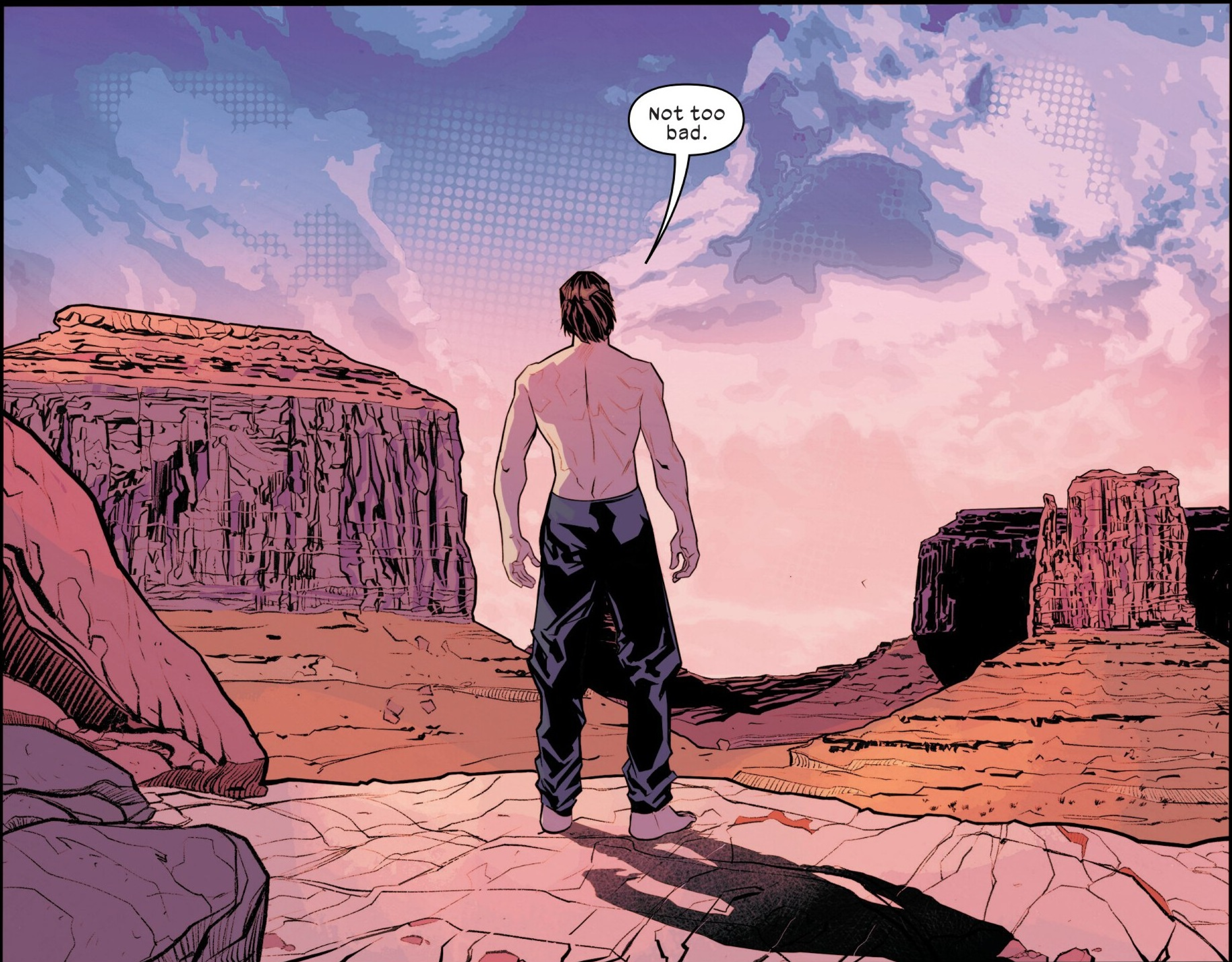
FELICIA HARDY
BLACK CAT

WILSON FISK
KINGPIN

2025



MARCH



No, it is not.
Mornin'.
Hey there.
Kids still asleep?
They're stirring...
How are *you* feeling?
Body'll be fine. But I'm...
I'm just...
Harry?
That. And everything. I wake up every day and think it was all a bad dream. I just can't believe I couldn't save him...
I can't believe I put you guys at risk. And I can't believe we're living like this-- on the run...
I...I--
Hey. We're not on the *run.*
We're on *vacation.*

Yeah, but...
...I'm *supposed* to be helping people.
You are. **Us.**
Speaking of...
Mornin'.
Good morning to you.
Where's your brother?
Still in bed. He was up late reading...
He wouldn't cut his light off.
Your brother appears to be the only person immune to getting up early out here.
Up with the sun, I suppose.

Mornin', neighbors.
Beware strangers bearing gifts.
You know, if you keep bringing us coffee every morning, pretty soon I'm gonna start expecting it.
Well, don't do that. That's exactly how the government gets you.
Peter here actually thinks you're from the government, David.
MJ...
He thinks those are X-ray goggles.
Joke's on you, Pete.
The only people around here with working X-ray goggles are over on the back row. They'll deny it, but they got 'em.
Which ones are those? The UFO guys?
The UFO guys are on *our row.* Back row is split between amateur filmmakers and foreign intelligence agents. The next row is anonymous, off-the-grid nonpersons, and the row after that are retired stockbrokers.
And then, of course, there's you.
Can I have some coffee?
Absolutely not. You already bounce off the walls.
Sorry, kiddo. I'm a wild man, but I draw the line at aggravating mothers.
What're you guys doing today?
My favorite. Sightseeing.
Any place in particular?

Well, we've been to the canyon with the tall rocks...
Bryce Canyon. Lotta UFO activity there.
And the one with the rock on top of the other rocks. Like a hat...
Sure. Sure. Balanced Rock. Equally impressive UFO activity.
So I think we're finally going to check out one of the arches.
...
Which one?
Uh, one of the lesser known ones. In the middle of the desert. Like forty miles from here.
...
Don't go there.
UFOs?
Nobody knows what's going on there. Weird sounds. Earth moving.
Old abandoned military base. It's not safe.
People have disappeared out there. Not like lost time, abducted... experimentations...
I mean... disappeared. ***For real.***
Okay. Understood.
Seriously, go somewhere else.
Well, that was ominous.
Yeah.
I mean, people have disappeared, Peter. For real. They could be in danger.
You know, they might need ***help*** or *something...*
Maybe ***somebody*** should ***take a look.***

Hellooooo! Anyone there? I haven't heard from you in a while.
Sorry! I'm in the middle of nowhere and can't get a good signal.
Though I did get one long enough to read about a recent bank heist.
Was that me ;)
I'm just saying, Felicia, super heroes can't be hanging out with bank-robber super villains.
I'm NOT A SUPER VILLAIN!!!!
Surrrrre.
Either way, I'm glad you've been thinking about me.
I've been thinking about you too.
Oh boy.
That's cool.
That's cool? You idiot. What's wrong with--?
It IS cool.
Okay. Okay...
So maybe when I get back we can go out or something?
! FAILED TO SEND
Failed to send? Failed to send!!!
What the #@$&?!
Language!
Sorry, Dad.

Uh-huh.
So I'm still not sure about this...
Why, again, is it a good idea to bring you along on this little adventure?
Because, historically, team-ups are awesome. And people eat this father-son stuff up.
Especially the sons.
Yeah, well, I love you...but it ain't sentimentality I'm going for.
You understand that something bad happened to Mister Harry and now he's gone?
Yes.
Well the truth is, I want to protect you from things like that. Forever.
But whether I like it or not, at some point you're gonna be on your own, kiddo.
Well, remember, I do have the suit.
Speaking of...
Let's have a chat about that.
That's what we're doing.
I'm not talking to you, Son.

He's talking to me.
There are a couple of rules I want to go over.
Rule number one: No touching Mary Jane. Rule number two: Pr--
NO. These are different rules. For when Richard is wearing you in a dangerous situation.
He told me you've been practicing. How's that going?
Well, I think.
He also told me you could take over if things go bad... or if he faces something he's not ready for.
Yes. I can.
I will.
So if you have to make a choice between saving me and saving him...you know what to do, right?
Yes, Peter. Because I'm modeled after you.
If that ever happens, I need to save everyone.
That's not what I mean.
I know exactly what you mean.
Would you ever let anything happen to him?
You know I wouldn't.
Then know I wouldn't either.
Can I just say that you guys are really sucking all the fun outta this?
No.
No.

Later.
There it is.
The abandoned military base.
Wanna take a closer look?
Uh, yeah.
Okay.
Spooky.
No doubt. And that's your first lesson of the day: If you get a bad feeling about something, assume something is wrong even if you don't see anyth--
Wait!

DAD!
ENTITY CONSOLIDATION DETECTED.
CHARGING...
Uuffff!
THREE...
Lesson number two:
Be ready for anything. Stay on your toes...
TAWIP
TWO...
You never know when you're going to need to act fast.

ONE...
ARM.
ZZZAKKKK
Are you okay?
What...
...the &%$#...
...was that?
Language.
And I have no idea...

...but I don't think we should--
#&@$@!
Language.
ENTITY CONSOLIDATION DETECTED.
CHARGING...
WHAM!
Ouch.
THREE...
TWO...
Lesson number three: Don't get smashed in the head.
That ain't good.
ONE... ARM.
ZZZAKKKK

Whhuufff!
BWAP!
You okay?
You don't look like you're doing okay...
...also, I feel like I'm not doing anything on this team-up, Dad.
Tell me what to do.
I don't even know what's going on. Except that the tower keeps blasting him apart.
It's a containment device. If I had to guess.
Huh. That's kind of interesting. What do you think, Dad?
Get away!!!
URRHHFFF!

So...if we turn it off, that means what, exactly?
That tower seems to be the only thing keeping the creature at bay.
Every time it assumes a human form, it's quickly reduced to particulates.
Okay. We turn it off, then...he'll be free?
WHAM!
I think I'm about to pass out.
ENTITY CONSOLIDATION DETECTED.
CHARGING...
Yes. But free to do *what*, Richard?
To stop using Dad as a hammer?
Good point.
Can you stop it?
THREE...
TWO...
ONE...
Yes!

ARMMMmmmmmmm--
You okay?
I think I might have a concussion.
But you did good. I'm really proud of you. Nice save.
Thanks!
Thanks!
I just hope this was a good idea.
Ohhhh...
Thank god.
I'm back.

Oh my... those are the first words I've been able to say in almost three years.
You saved me.
Uh, cool. No problem.
So... what are you? Exactly?
"Just a normal guy who got too curious. They caught me after I cut through the fence and snuck onto the base. I knew someone was doing illegal experiments here, but I never thought they would make me into one.
"But they did. I became someone who could *be the earth*. But after they saw what I had become, they built the tower to keep me from re-forming and regaining my human form. Then they left...leaving me that way. Trapped and hopeless."
But now I'm free. Thanks to both of you.
So...if I understand you, you can completely transform yourself into anything with sand. Like, any shape or whatever?
Yes.
Cool. Then maybe next time, instead of using me like a bat, spell out the word "help."
Or "save me" or any other of an endless number of things that isn't *bashing my head in.*
Just an idea.
Hrmpt! That is a really good idea.
I shoulda thought of that.

Later.
So... it turns out he was just a guy asking too many questions?
Yeah. The wrong questions to the wrong people about what's wrong with the world...
Then he suddenly found himself in way over his head.
'Cause he just had to know.
Uh-huh. Just like every other weirdo out here on the run.
I dunno, Peter. I don't think it's weird to ask questions.
What's weird is in an infinitely complex world, there are people who wake up every morning dead set on believing they know exactly how things are.
Yeah?
Yeah. Total weirdos.
Hey... I got a question.
Lay it on me, tiger.

Why do you love me?
...
Because you're awesome and really good-looking.
Yeah. That's what I was thinking too.
Did you try Gwen again?
Yeah. The foreign-intel guys on row three let me use their scrambler doodad...
Straight to voicemail. But she was there at his funeral. I saw the pictures online.
What do you think?
I dunno...
When's the last time you talked to Ben?
I'm supposed to check in tomorrow.
Okay...
I hope he has good news.

You've got five minutes. Less if you want to play it safe.
Okay. Thanks.
CLICK
Hello?
Hey, Ben.
...
No, I haven't considered more life insurance. Honestly, at my age, I'm not sure I could get coverage.
Heh. You're not that old. But understood.
You okay?
My health is good. I run with a healthy crowd, I think. They all seem fine.
So, yes, I'd consider myself healthy for my age, but you know... this is the world.
...
Do I need to come home?
No. Definitely not.
...
Okay. Next week? Same time?
Yes. Thanks for your call.
CLICK
Insurance salesman? Again?
It's almost like they won't take no for an answer.
Maybe that's because they know more than you do.

And maybe both of you should reconsider.
Well, I'm strong as a bull. How about you, Ben?
Stronger.
Now...why are you here, Mr. Wesley?
The two of you have been doing quite a dance. Digging up all kinds of untruths about one of the great men of this city.
It's salacious, really. And I don't care for it.
Tough.
And there's a chasm of difference between what you and I would consider an "untruth."

I mean, the whole idea of it--you, an innocent party being harmed by our reporting...
...it's a bit much, isn't it? The feigned outrage? You pointing your finger at us as if we are the ones hurting people?
Come on. If you're going to lean on us to stop, don't pretend you're not the heavy.
Show them.
What is this?
What you are looking at are various well-sourced police and forensic reports confirming the deaths and murders of a not so insignificant number of people...
1
Tomorrow the *Daily Bugle* is running a story about the reckless owner/ operators of the *Paper*.
I am here, on their behalf, to see if you wanted to make a comment.
What did you *do?*

...who all happened to share the same name: Ben Reilly.
So the real question is: What did YOU do?
...
You killed every Ben Reilly in New York?
Goodness, no. I belong to a global organization.
We killed every Ben Reilly on the planet.
Why would you...?
You did that? Why?
You write a story and you think you're changing the world. You tell the truth and you think it matters... It does not.
So this is what? You educating us?
Or are you here to put an end to the practice?
I just wanted you to know that I'm an admirer of your work.
But strong words... they elicit a strong response.

And this is supposed to, what? Make us quit? You already killed everyone.
So it's not going to happen.
It's never going to happen. We're not stopping-- if anything, we'll double down.
Good.
I don't want you to stop.
What?
You give me something to point to. To pick apart. To reframe. To ridicule. To further our plans.
So I want you to keep going. You're a useful tool to separate us from them.
Your plans? I hear that if you want to hear God laugh...tell him all about your plans.
Here's what you don't know: As far as you're concerned, I work for God.
And what you call night? That is his hand casting a shadow over the Earth itself.
So, please... continue what you're doing...be a useful distraction...
But stop hiding behind others. You'll just get the wrong people hurt.

So...
Care to make a comment?
For the record?
Sure.
When all this is done. When wrongs have been righted and the shadow is lifted...
I'm the guy who's gonna write the obituary.
"And you can quote me on that."
TO BE CONTINUED...

WRITER: **JONATHAN HICKMAN**
GUEST ARTIST: **DAVID MESSINA**

COLOR ARTIST: **MATTHEW WILSON**
LETTERER: **VC's CORY PETIT**
COVER ARTISTS: **MARCO CHECCHETTO & MATTHEW WILSON**
VARIANT COVER ARTISTS: **SIMONE BIANCHI; RIAN GONZALES; MARCO CHECCHETTO & MATTHEW WILSON; GERARDO SANDOVAL & DAVID CURIEL**

DESIGN: **JAY BOWEN**
ASSISTANT EDITOR: **MICHELLE MARCHESE**
EDITOR: **WIL MOSS**
EDITOR IN CHIEF: **C.B. CEBULSKI**

SPIDER-MAN CREATED BY **STAN LEE** & **STEVE DITKO**

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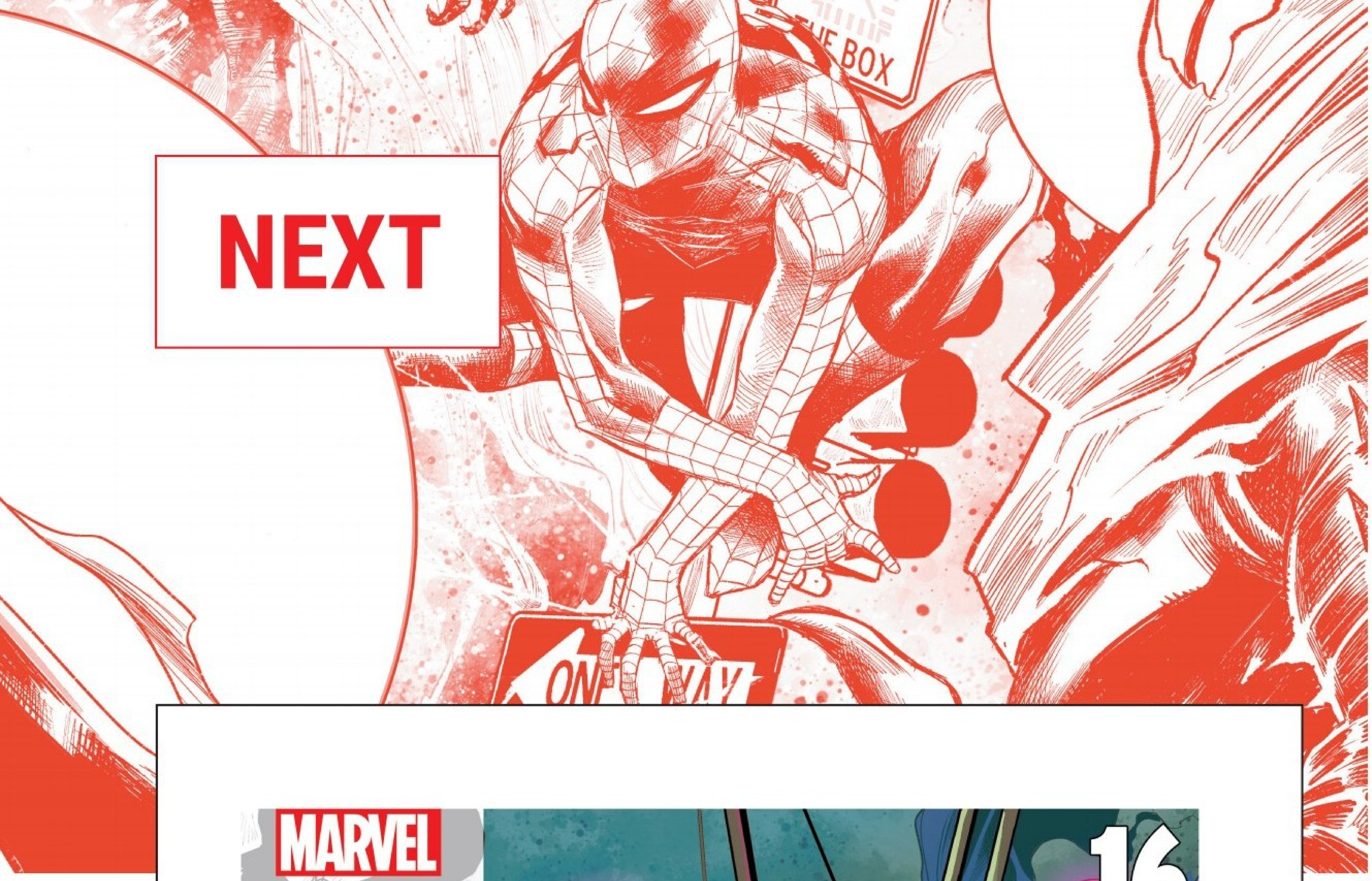

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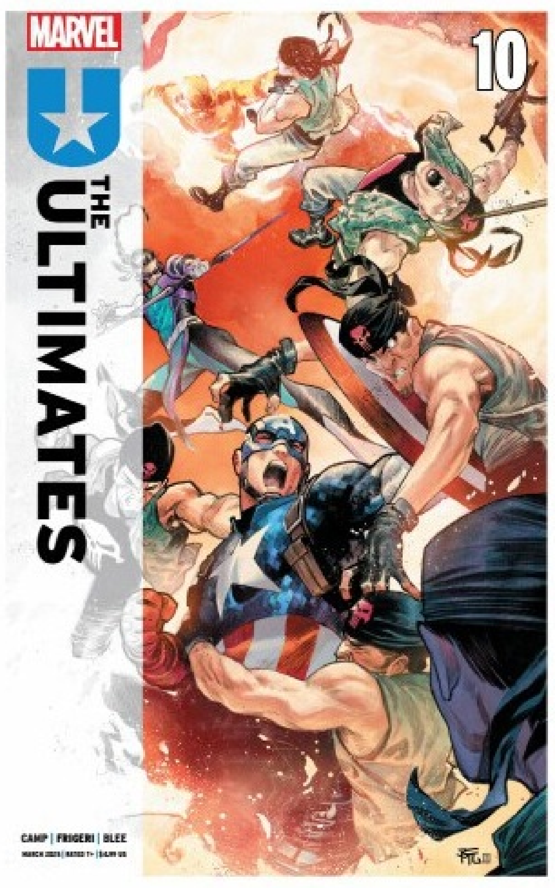

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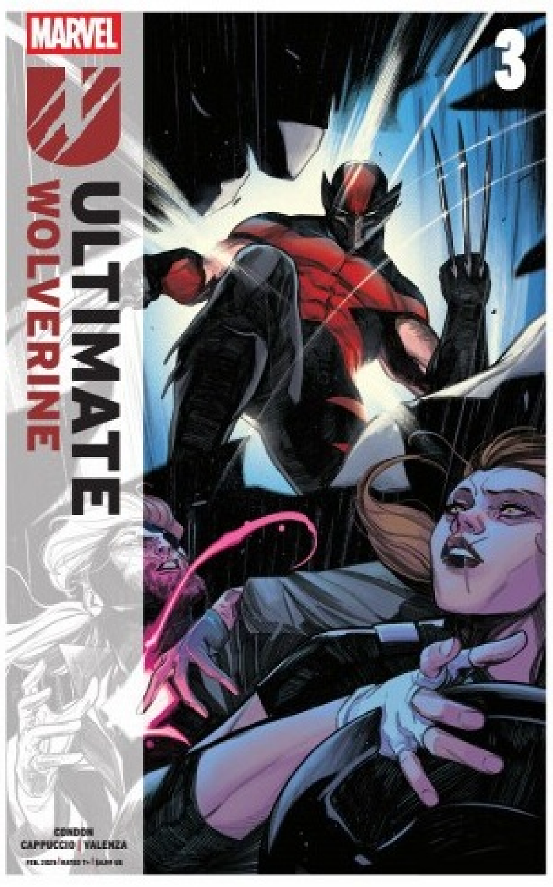

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